Lord Kitchener and the War Brides, page 1867.

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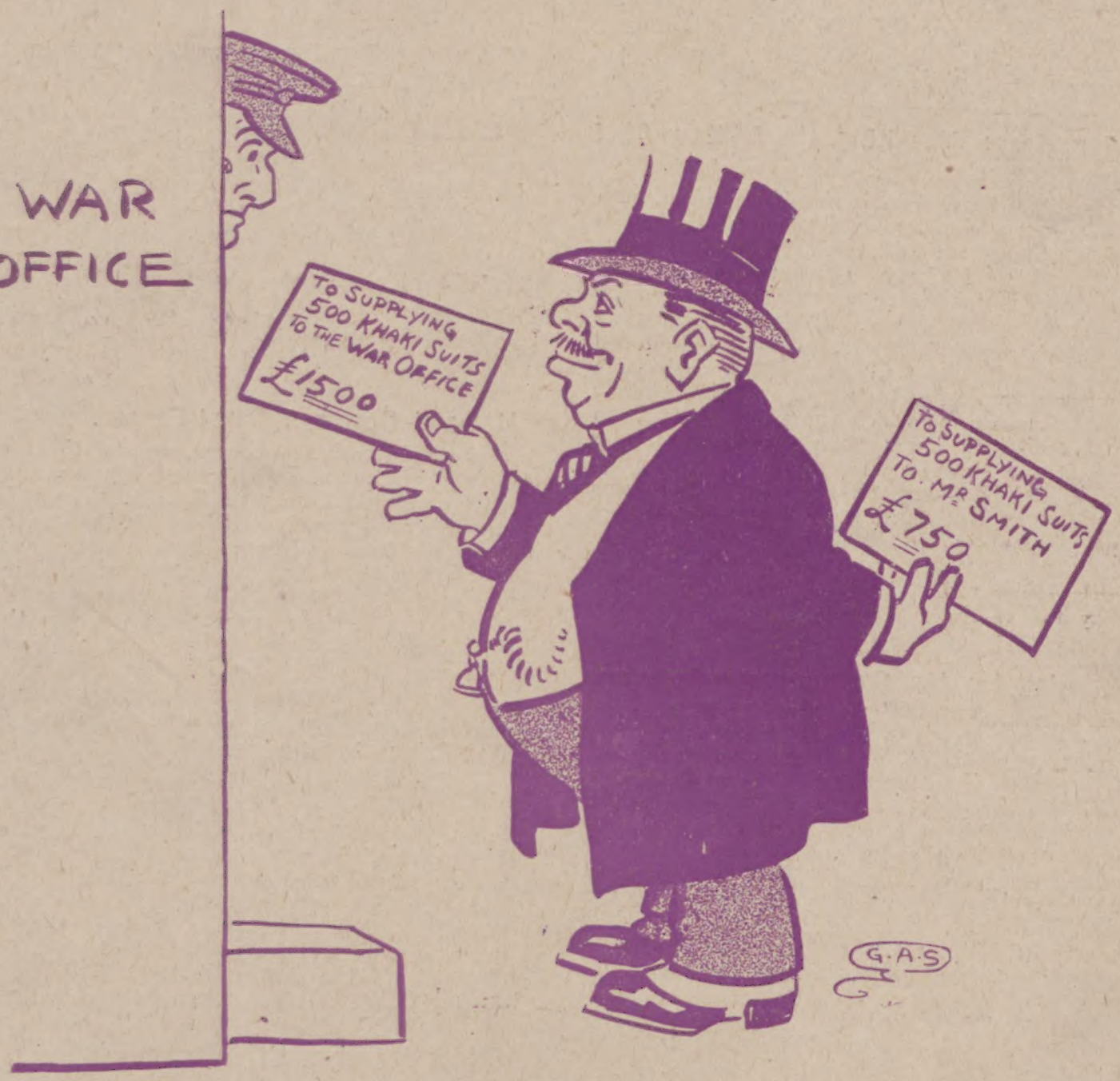

THE HAWK WITH TWO BILLS.

Modern Life

No. 83. Week ending December 5. One Penny.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

A Royal War Story: The King, the Military Chef and the Pudding Cloths.

King George takes the war as it should be taken, with sincere gravity and a complete realisation of the perils of Empire which it connotes. But, serious as he looks, his Majesty is not so obsessed with the struggle as to fail to appreciate the humour of its many situations at Home. Here in England we see only the stately aspect of war. Even the wounded soldiers who are driven about the park by kindly-looking old ladies in fashionable motor-cars have their heroic aspect. But in the camps which the King visits from day to day his Majesty hears some remarkable stories of the doings of the Tommies who are going to clear the Germans out of Belgium—"in the Spring!" There was the military chef at Bedford, who was caught cooking the Sunday plum-duff in a dirty old shirt which he had commandeered from a "trencher." They told the King about it. His Majesty demanded to know why a shirt was necessary to the Sunday "duff."

* * *

Trouble Brewing for the Quartermaster-Sergeant.

In the words of the Adjutant who told the story to the King, there was a serious deficiency of pudding-cloths in a particular supply-depot. All sorts of tricks had been tried to put this matter right. The cook started tearing up all the sacks he could lay hands on. He was promptly "told off" by a commissariat man, but protested that he "couldn't make duff without cloths!" At last he was caught cooking a duff in the aforesaid shirt, which hadn't been off its former owner's back for over a month, and on the Company's protest being duly noted, he went to the Major of the Company. The Major insisted upon the cook getting the proper supply of pudding-cloths from the Quartermaster-Sergeant. The chef replied that he had asked that officer for pudding-cloths until he was "sick of asking!"

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Little Mary Onions and the Pudding Cloths.

The Major insisted that another, and final, application be made to the Quartermaster-Sergeant, and if he failed to supply what was necessary he would be called to account. The application was made. It met with the same response. The Major disappeared on leave for a few days, and then the townsmen—or the villagers, rather—began to complain of clothes being missed from their clothes-lines in the night. When the Major returned, a sly dog with a delicate appetite took him round to the chef's one evening when duffs were being cooked, and pointed to a duff in course of transference from the pudding-cloth to the plate. "Great Scott!" said the Major, "what's that thing hanging to the cloth?" "That, sir? Oh, it's only a frill!" "A frill? But surely the Sergeant hasn't supplied the chef with frills to cook plum-duff in?" "Oh no, sir, not the sergeant, sir. That pertickler frill was supplied by little Mary Onions, sir, wot lives in the cottage in the orchard, sir, only o' course she don't know it, sir."

King George was immensely delighted with this side of life among the gallant troops at Bedford. We can't help wondering whether he told the story to Queen Mary!

* * *

King George Mourning His Gallant Cousins.

But if King George can appreciate the unconscious humours of the war he has also a very present appreciation of its horrors. His Majesty is sincerely mourning the loss of more than one blood relation at the front, and none less than that of General FitzClarence, the only individual of the Royal Blood who ever won the Victoria Cross. General FitzClarence was descended from King George the Third in the same degree as his Majesty, their great-grandfathers; the Duke of Kent and the Duke of Clarence (afterwards King William IV.) having been own brothers, and sons of Farmer George.

* * *

When the FitzClarences were "out in the cold."

For some years General FitzClarence, who was very handsome, had been about the Court as a Military Equerry, and it was with no small sense of personal pride that the King could boast a cousin who wore on his breast the coveted bronze cross "For Valour!" The Fitz Clarences were very badly treated at one time. In the lifetime of their father, King William IV., they ruled the roost in Buckingham Palace and at Windsor, and though the Sailor King treated Mrs. Jordan shamefully, and was always running after some other woman with money, the famous actress's children by the King practically bossed the country for many years.

* * *

Ups and Downs of Royal Favour.

Queen Victoria, of course, turned them out of their coveted sinecures, and for many years they were the most neglected family in Britain. The eldest of Mrs. Jordan's sons was created Earl of Munster, and provided with a residence in Ireland, and no more was heard of the Fitz Clarences for another half-century. The appearance of the gallant General FitzClarence at Buckingham Palace in attendance upon the King was the "topic of the hour" in St. James's two or three years ago. Now he has gone we hope the Fitz Clarences will not be forgotten simply because they cannot all wear the V.C.!

* * *

The Prince Invaluable.

As our readers know, for some weeks after the gallant Scots Greys went to France, the King would not allow Prince Arthur to leave with his regiment, owing to the exigencies of the war making it absolutely necessary for his Majesty to have an apt "familiar" between himself and the Diplomats and Generals who were managing the crisis. For two months Prince Arthur was engaged in running to and fro on behalf of his Majesty, and it was not till the Scots Greys got back to Rheims that Arthur Connaught was allowed to go to the front.

* * *

Prince Arthur and the Pragger Wagger.

But Prince Arthur still retains his peculiar position as the King's "own man," and when his Majesty's cousin, poor Prince Maurice, fell in action, it was Prince Arthur who selected his grave, and saw to all the details of the dead Prince's obsequies. And when it was decided to send the Heir-Apparent to the front, home from the seat of war came the Prince Invaluable, to see to it that his Royal cousin had a proper and fitting departure and conduct to the camp of Field-Marshal Sir John French. Princess Arthur and her baby-boy are doing very nicely at Bagshot.

THE SHAMROCK, ROSE AND THISTLE.

A Gallant General who had been "kept in the dark."

The way our smart generals are popping-off in the prime of life is rather alarming. First there was poor Bill Grierson, who died in a train in France at the beginning of the war. Two or three others followed equally unexpectedly; then came the news of the death from his wounds of General Ian Hamilton at the front; then of Sir Charles Douglas and Lord Roberts, and now of Sir William Franklyn, amidst his 30,000 men at Luton, which, when I read it, put an end to my breakfast on the spot. For only a couple of months ago I had the pleasure of congratulating Sir William Franklyn on achieving a distinction which had never before come to him in all his forty years of service with the colours—the distinction of seeing actual warfare against white men!

* * *

A General with a Just Grievance.

It was the grievance of Sir William Franklyn's life that the exigencies of his Majesty's service had always found him doing duty away from the scene of war, with the exception of one little brush-up with some frontier tribes on the north-west of India in 1897. And even when the great war in South Africa broke out, and William Franklyn had developed into a full Colonel, they kept him securely on duty at the War Office, as Secretary to the Headquarters of the Army, and not once did they allow him a chance of decorating his coat with the red, yellow and blue of the veldt. So when, two months ago, Sir William Franklyn stalked into the Rag one evening after dinner with the news that he was in for a first-class billet at the front, his face beamed with joy.

* * *

Lord Kitchener Rights General Franklyn's Wrong.

Not for nothing had he served his country without honour or stars for forty years! And this time Lord Kitchener saw to it that Will Franklyn's just but well-concealed grievance was remedied. He promptly offered him the command of the third of the new Kitchener Army Corps, and the General who hadn't seen a shot fired in anger, but who had done a man's part all his life wherever it had pleased his King to keep him in obscurity, found himself "in for nichement!" And now, before he has had a chance of entering the field—for Kitchener's own Army is but still in the training state—Sir William Franklyn has gone the way of all flesh, with his life's ambition still unachieved. So near and yet so far!

* * *

The Tears of the War-Brides.

Two more hustled weddings are off! Lady Enid Vaughan was to have become the wife of the young baronet of Hawthornden, Sir James Drummond, and it had been arranged that the marriage should take place simultaneously with her aunt-stepmother's wedding to Prince Jean Sapieha. But it's all gone awry! That horrid Lord Kitchener is blamed. He is after "men," not brides, and he isn't going to allow young ladies with designs on his subalterns to interfere with his war plans. Our sympathies are with the "horrid" one, of course, but we can't help being sorry for Lady Enid. She is such a sweet thing, and she really likes Jimmy Drummond. She thinks he is descended from Drummond of Hawthornden, the sweet poet, but he isn't. We are sorry to disappoint her, but her gay young militiaman hasn't a drop of Drummond's blood in his veins. He is, in fact, no more a Drummond than Lady Enid's father was an Irishman, although he counted among the Irish earls.

* * *

Where Lord Kitchener is being "torn to pieces."

Lady Enid would find it pretty difficult to describe her precise kinship to some of her nearest relations. Perhaps that's why she was so anxious to get away from them. Lord Kitchener is really too horrible! We are almost beginning to believe that silly old tag about his being "a woman-hater." He can't have much feeling for them, anyway. Lady Enid Vaughan says she will write to her brother about it! The dashing young Earl, however, is at the front, and can't be got at very easily. Lady Enid's before-mentioned aunt-stepmother has been terribly upset by the same ferocious Field-Marshal within the last month.

The grim War Lord from the Soudan nearly spoilt her third serious marriage affair, and for at least forty-eight hours it was a toss-up whether Prince Jean Sapieha would be shot as a spy as well as hauled up to a police-court as an alien and an enemy! Happily, as anyone knows who has an acquaintance with the Sapieha family, the Prince is neither, but as good an Englishman, and better, than some of our own celebrities—even some who write themselves "M.P."

Like a Story from the "Beautiful Gunnings."

Lady Enid Vaughan is the only sister of young Lord Lisburne, an Irish earl without a drop of Irish blood in him. For hundreds of years his Welsh ancestors have resided on an estate near Aberystwyth, and his Lordship is the patron of the local living—a vicarage and curacy called Yspytty Ystwith and Ysptty Ystrai-Meuric, which is obviously not Irish! The marriage tangles in the Vaughan family arise from the romance of the Earl's grandfather's marriage. This Earl married one of the Probyns of Gloucestershire as his second wife, and his son, in the very same year, married her sister Evelyn. The elder of the Probyn girls thus became the step-mother-in-law of her own sister. After her Lord's death, she married another Earl, the late Lord Amherst, the Freemason, and now she is going to be a Princess. Sounds like a story from the "Beautiful Gunnings," doesn't it? We wish the lady luck! She is the mother of Lord Lisburne.

* * *

All after the Bard of Hawthornden.

Jimmy Drummond, whom Lord Kitchener endeavoured to despoil of a hurried honeymoon, is only a boy of 23, so he can wait a bit before he settles down to domesticity and trouble. Lady Enid, however, is not quite so youthful—hence perhaps the hurry about it. Like his fiancée, he is Welsh, and comes from Carmarthenshire, and he is no Scottie, although he possesses the Hawthornden place in Midlothian. But William Drummond, the bard who was visited by Ben Jonson at Hawthornden, died in 1649. His heir, William, was knighted by King Charles I. Sir William's granddaughter, Mary Barbara Drummond, the last descendant of the poet, married a Bishop of Perth, who assumed her name of Drummond.

Mary Barbara Drummond left Hawthornden to a cousin on her mother's side, Barbara Ogilvie. This lady married a Captain Forbes, who adopted the name of Drummond, and in 1828 was created a baronet. On his death the title passed by "special remainder" to the husband of his only child, Francis Walker. Sir Francis Walker also assumed the name of Drummond, and was the great-grandfather of the fiancé of Lady Enid Vaughan. But "Drummond of Hawthornden" is somewhat of an anomaly in the young baronet's case!

Happily, as we go to press, the wedding bells for Sir James Drummond and Lady Enid Vaughan are ringing out. In spite of the announcement that the marriage was indefinitely postponed in consequence of the baronet being "unable to procure leave," the happy couple managed to bring off the event before Sir James departed for the front. It took place by special license one day last week down in the secluded hamlet of Sall, in Norfolk.

* * *

Ex-Viceroy's Sorrowful Old Age.

Some months ago, when young Lord Congleton was hustling around preparatory to embarking upon the latest pot-hunting expedition to the Antarctic, we advised his Lordship not to go. He took our advice, not because we gave it, of course, but because the truth about this sort of thing subsequently dawned upon him. His relations now have the gratification of feeling that he has died in a nobler cause. He is the second of our peers to succumb to wounds received in the war. The first was Lord Hawarden, head of the Maude family. Dozens of heirs to peerages have also laid down their lives for their country since then, or been seriously wounded. But of all the good men who have cause to bemoan this titanic war, none has my sympathy so completely as Earl Cadogan. Few men living have had such hard luck with his family as the one-time Viceroy in Dublin.

* * *

Famous Pro-Consul who is always in Mourning.

By his gracious Countess Lord Cadogan had a large family. His eldest son, Viscount Chelsea, died at the age of 18 in 1878. His second son, another Viscount Chelsea, died in 1908, and the Chelsea title passed to

Nurse: "Now, shut your eyes and think I'm the matron, there's a good boy."
(Report: "Pulse quite normal".)

She: "Constantinople going to be bombarded! Oh, I do feel so sorry for the poor girls in the Sultan's harem. I must write to Cousin Jack on the *Unmentionable* to try and save them!"
He: "Good idea! Be sure and tell him to save one for me."

that son who married one of Lord Alington's sisters, and her little son therefore became Viscount Chelsea, and heir to the Cadogan earldom. The widow, Viscountess Chelsea, then married Hedworth Lambton, of Ladysmith fame, and is now Lady Hedworth Meux, wife of our Admiral at Portsmouth. When her little son was about seven years old a sudden attack of appendicitis took him off, and Lord Cadogan's next son became Lord Chelsea. Then the Countess Cadogan died in the prime of her splendid social career, and her only daughter, the wife of Lord Lurgan, followed her mother to the grave a couple of years later.

The pick of the bunch of Lord Cadogan's sons was, of course, William Cadogan, so familiar to Oxford men as a Maud'lan man and personal Equerry to the Prince of Wales. He has now found a soldier's grave at Ypres. The heir to Lord Cadogan, the present Viscount Chelsea, has been a lot of trouble to his father, and though awfully good-looking and cheery, Lord Cadogan refused to cotton to his extravagance, and at one time practically "cut him off" in order to teach him a lesson. Gerald Cadogan has been much subdued since he came into the Chelsea title, however, and is now quite an "ornament of society." But, in spite of his owning all the property between Knightsbridge and the Chelsea Embankment, and getting about a hundred thousand a year for doing nothing, no one can fail to feel that Fate has been horribly callous to the kindly old Earl Cadogan. If it was not for his pretty young cousin from Italy, whom he led to the altar when he was well over the "allotted span," Lord Cadogan would be one of the saddest of Englishmen. He looked almost broken up at his son's memorial service last week.

* * *

The Babies at Home!

When the war broke out, and I noted how the Marquess of Anglesey rushed off to the front, "eager and ready to avenge his famous great-grandfather's leg!" I hinted also that the interesting question of who would assume the family marquessate might be settled shortly. Now the news comes that Lord Anglesey has been nearly buried alive in his trench, and has had to be dug out, and simultaneously it is announced that pretty Olive May has given birth to a son, who comes into the world heir to the richest marquessate in Britain! The Paget family, which is the most numerous in the Peerage (most of whom are rarely recognised by the Lord of Beaudesert) will be more than amused to learn that the competition for an heir between the Duke's daughter who married the Marquess and the Gaiety girl who married his brother has been ended by the latter.

* * *

The Duke's Daughter and the loss from the Gaiety.

Olive May was married to the Marquess of Anglesey's only brother, Lord Victor Paget, at All Saints Church, Norfolk Square, Paddington, one wintry morning in the January of last year. In course of time she had a baby girl, and as the Marquess had also just become the father of a baby-girl by his Marchioness, the one-time Lady Marjorie Manners, there was much family speculation as to which of the ladies would provide Beaudesert with an ultimate heir. So far, Lady Marjorie Manners has had no more little Pagets, and now that Olive May has borne a son to her gallant young soldier husband (who now lies ill in a hospital in France), the family of Lady Alexander Paget, the mother of the Marquess and Lord Victor, will be hugely delighted.

* * *

A True "Sunshine Girl" to Lord Victor.

For, let it be remembered, Lady Alexander played the game with Lord Victor and caused her eldest son to settle a thousand pounds a year on his young brother and his cheery little wife from the stage, and gave them a comfortable home in Kensington Gore. We wish Lady Victor and her bonny boy the best of good luck. The portents were not auspicious on her marriage morn, for the chauffeur took her to the wrong church, and the wedding was nearly off. She has proved a true "Sunshine Girl" to Lord Victor, anyway!

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

"ENGLAND, MY OWN!"

Kipling has asked in one of his poems of Empire: "What should they know of England who only England know?" And in this line we have, so to speak, the concentrated essence of the wonderful development of our conception of national and Imperial life that has taken place during the last ten or twenty years, and that seems to be reaching a sort of climax in the great war that is now being waged almost all over Europe. And as I am one of those who think that war, however gruesome and ghastly it may be, has infinite uses in the evolution of peoples, and in the growth of a true philosophy of life, I should like to look for a moment at one of the chief uses which this war is having, and will have more and more as the masses of the people are driven to understand something of its inner meaning and gigantic possibilities as regards the thought of our time.

The war, then, I submit, will develop in the people of England a realisation and perhaps a love of truth in life and literature that they have hardly hitherto approached. If we go back even a little way in our national life, say to the mid-Victorian period, we can see as plain as a pikestaff that the whole of the conception of national life that was favoured then was utterly wrong. It was based upon a wrong ideal, and therefore it was wrong itself. If one had to sum it up in a word, one might truly say that it was based upon one thing and almost upon one thing alone—hypocrisy. This hypocrisy pervaded everything in our life forty or fifty years ago, and it was largely caused by the fact that we absolutely refused to face things as they were, that we evaded above all things the truth of things, that we tried to live in mental dreams, and to make of nature and politics and art and literature, fanciful things, and did not look right at life and tackle it as men and women instead of dressed-up dolls. Buoyed up by the marvellous success in peace and in war that had almost made England think she was for evermore to be under the protection of the archangels of Heaven, we attempted to realize for ourselves and our country a quite impossible position in the eternal scheme of things. And as neither nature nor politics nor art nor literature will stand for long such a fantastic trial of strength, we, of course, began to fall away. Our stage became a stupid and a silly stage, given up to an effeminate sort of melodrama that, even in the so-called best plays, was nothing but a travesty of life. Even in comedy and farce we seemed to be in the realms of mere pantomime all the time, quite forgetting that even farce itself can contain a true philosophy in the limited area which it assigns to itself. Our politics were an unreal and not a living thing. They consisted largely in a false conception of Imperialism as Jingoism, or else, on the other side, in an insularity that was the forerunner of that Little Englandism, some of the results of which we are seeing to-day in connection with the war now going on. Either England was top-dog and was destined to remain top-dog for evermore (the gospel of Disraeli-ism), or else England was a little dog destined to look after herself and to leave all colonies and all nations to look after themselves (the gospel of Cobden and Bright). We thought we were so high and mighty that we could control the universe, or else we thought that we were so supremely independent of the evolution of the world's states that all we had to do to get to some perfect political heaven was to sit and crow upon our little dung-heap, the solitary and very insular chosen of the Almighty Himself.

In art we gave ourselves over to pictures of things as we deceived ourselves they were, or ought to be, altogether forgetting that true art should be a seeker after and a delineator of truth and not a preacher of hypocrisy and moral or immoral lies. In literature—well, in the real meaning of the word literature, we had practically none at all. Our gods were Dickens and Thackeray and Tennyson, and each one of them (with, partially, the exception of Thackeray) told us of a false life, of a false philosophy of life, of an impossible morality, an impossible sentimentalism, an impossible comedy, a hypocritical conception of things altogether.

And in religion, worst of all, we refused as a nation for long, long years to recognise the mystic developments that, as we now know, are part and parcel of the Darwinian theory, almost as much as are material developments themselves. We were stayed by unreality and hypocrisy from top to toe of our national and and Imperial life. And, loyal as I hope I am to the great throne of my country, I am bound to say that one of the chief causes of the inevitable decline in our national character was the simple little fact that for sixty years we had on our throne a woman.

If I love the memory of my mother, I love all women, as all manly men do. If I love my country, I love a good deal of the memory of the good Queen who ruled it for so long. But if I love truth more than all, I must say that Victorianism put back my country—and my Empire—and led her on to the rocks from which we are to-day making such magnificent efforts to escape.

"What should they know of England who only England know?" Nothing! We knew nothing of England because for long years we were taught that we were the chosen of the Almighty Himself, and so we perched ourselves upon a pedestal of ignorance and hypocrisy regarding almost every other nation under the sun. We were little in mind. We were small in our capacity for grasping truth. We were very good, we were very moral, we were very holy—on the outside. But within we were reeking with the seeds of national and Imperial effeminacy. Society, all classes of society, was not allowed to look things in the face under the well-intentioned Queen who, in the essence of things, did such a terrible best. We had to be respectable above all things. We had to be conventional above all things. We had to be unreal above all things. We had to pretend above all things. Now we have got to face the facts and life as it really is. No woman—for Elizabeths are but exceptions that prove the rule—can lead a nation towards the things that are great. It is manly and virile rulers that we want, and that, thank God, we have got to-day. That is not to attack Victoria. It is but to say that she was a woman, with all the limitations of women when they are called upon to tackle the things that make for the triumph or decay of a nation. Victoria was a great woman. She was not a great Queen. We want great Queens—nay, great Kings—to lead us to the immortal destiny that seems, notwithstanding our errors, to be ever in front of us. We want to banish for ever sentimentalism and unreality from our national nature. We want to recognise that women are women, and that men are men. In so far as we are effeminate we shall fail as a nation and an Empire. In so far as we are virile men we shall succeed.

"What should they know of England who only England know?" Ah, but we know more than that to-day. We know our Colonies, our well-loved troops from over the sea. From them we are learning in this terrible war something of the true virile life that made us, in Elizabeth's days, the greatest of all peoples. We know our India, our dusky warriors of battles that are past and battles to come. We know our France, the greatest of all in truth and literature, no longer to-day the despised and rejected of Englishmen. We know our Russia, great mystic nation that we so long misunderstood, now coming into her crown of gold as a searcher after truth in literature and life, a nation with a soul, a nation that is not afraid. Above all, we know our England—the real England, the true England, the everlasting England that requires no lies, no hypocrisy, no unreality to help her to achieve the things that the gods intended for her. The England that only needs to be alive. The England that is learning again the lesson by which she conquered in the past, and by which she will conquer to-day. The England that has learnt again what she had almost forgotten—that war can purify as nothing else can, and that only by suffering in the cause of truth can nations and individuals stand upon the pinnacle that reaches to the skies. The England that, humble yet not humbled, martial yet ever magnanimous, will do or die with Shakespeare's words graved upon her heart: "To thine own self be true, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Jonathan Grub Strete.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

How many invitations to preside at patriotic meetings has Lady Jellicoe had to decline lately? And whether it is all "jam," being the wife of a war celebrity?

* * *

What has happened to Mrs. Despard (the redoubtable sister of Field-Marshal Sir John French) now that her brother has covered himself with glory? And if a little sense of decency has nowadays descended upon that petticoated foe of the London policeman?

* * *

Whether Princess Mary's fingers are not real tired of knitting lately? And whether she has taken a change of occupation, and prefers doing a little packing of Christmas presents for the troops?

* * *

Whether it was not very tactful of King George to appoint a Mohammedan lawyer to the justiceship in Madras, vacant by the death of Sir Harry Stephen?

* * *

Whether young Lord Charlemont's bride-to-be is not in a terrible funk lest her "future" be suddenly snatched off to the front before the wedding has taken place?

* * *

If the Earl of Erne is not made of wonderful stuff to have survived so many illnesses? And whether his gallant son, Lord Crichton, is enjoying his stay as a prisoner in Germany?

* * *

Why Lord Hugh Cecil was (as he stated at Manchester) "one of the very last to be convinced of the 'righteousness' of this war"? And whether it was not because he suffers from such ungovernable political bias that nothing done by a Radical government ever *could* be "righteous"?

* * *

Whether his brother, the Marquess of Salisbury, ever had any qualms about the "righteousness" of the war?

* * *

Whether "influence" has not had a lot to do with the Territorials who have succeeded in getting into the firing line? And whether it was not Lord Salisbury's influence that got the Herts Territorials their stray chance of a pot at the Germans?

* * *

If General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien does not deserve the honest affection of his countrymen for giving the Royal West Kent Regiment their just due? And if it is not time some of our other generals bestirred themselves with a little appreciation of their simple linesmen's gallantry?

* * *

If Mr. Tennant's clever answers at question-time are not bringing him an enhanced Parliamentary reputation?

* * *

If Sir A. Conan Doyle's services have lately been a good deal in request by the C.I.D.?

* * *

He: "Do you think a fellow ought to be locked up for stealing kisses?"

She: "Well, no. But I think he ought to be tied up."

Whether Ranji will get many "runs" while on active service?

* * *

Why so many people want to know what France's four millions of troops are doing?

* * *

If Mr. Massingham and the *Nation* are not in considerable disfavour with several members of the Cabinet?

* * *

If Sir Reginald Wingate didn't report to the home authorities that he feels confident of being able to handle the Egyptian situation?

* * *

Why do most of our Tommies prefer the Belgian to the French soldier?

* * *

What is Lady Esher's opinion of the administration of the Prince of Wales's Fund?

* * *

Isn't it rather a good thing that the Postmaster-General has decided against women postmen?

* * *

The identity of the London author who, after slaving for months at a big book for a Berlin firm, is prevented from receiving a penny profit because it would be "trading with an alien enemy"?

* * *

If the darkening of the London streets has had the effect of lightening the municipal gas bills?

* * *

If Bernard Shaw ought not to be deported for his ridiculous *New Statesman* effusion against the war?

* * *

If it isn't adding insult to injury, first to abbreviate the working man's hours for having a drink, and then to raise the price of the 'arf-pint?

* * *

If the gentleman who bid £50 for a box at the Empire was really as keen about the box as the kiss from Gaby, which went with it?

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Lights on the coast" are affecting livers in the North.

* * *

The Kaiser's hair has gone white. Perhaps he will now see the advisability of dying.

* * *

The poor will feel the pinch of the new tea duty. Meanwhile some of us are feeling the grippe.

* * *

A writer has said that the Germans regarded Belgium as a road, and not a country. But the road was "up."

* * *

Many restaurateurs have already put up the price of a cup of tea. It remains for the public to make them put up the shutters.

* * *

The blacker a deed is, the more it suits the Germans. One has recently been discovered in the Allies' trenches disguised as a Gurkha.

* * *

We are told that the German soldiers now opposing us in Belgium and France are "the cream of the army." Whipped cream.

* * *

The professional billiard championship competition is not to be held this year. The country is not in the cue for it, so the cueists get a rest.

* * *

A host of Germans rushed a convent defended by 150 Belgians. But when they got there the convent was bare, and so the war dogs got nun.

* * *

The Belgian refugee who was swindled by the confidence trick has the satisfaction of knowing that all his countrymen are suffering from the same cause.

* * *

Thirty convictions for drunkenness were stated at Willesden the other day to have been recorded against a man. His name is Drinkwater, and he ought now to live up to it.

* * *

The British troops at the front have become thoroughly seasoned, we are told. Probably the Germans will account for this by declaring that they have well peppered them.

* * *

The German troops are complaining that they do not get sausages served out to them. Our Tommies, however, are preparing to let them have the wurst time of their lives, shortly.

* * *

"New Engine of War. Beer barrels used as projectiles," cries a headline. Not entirely original or new, we think. Many a good man has been "outed" by the projectiles that stream from a beer engine.

* * *

Cheek-by-jowl with an advertisement by Mr. Heinemann of Mrs. Dudeney's new book, "What a Woman Wants," we find Messrs. Cassell and Co. advertising "The Unspeakable Prussian," by C. Sheridan-Jones.

* * *

Owing to the topical nature of many of the pictures sent for the autumn exhibition of the Royal Academy it is suggested that naval and military experts should sit on the selection committee. If there is to be a court-martial, let it be on the artists.

* * *

The proprietors of "night life" establishments in Vienna are protesting against early closing restrictions. The chemists, too, complain that, in consequence, the morning sale of headache specifics has dwindled to nothing.

ORDEAL BY INOCULATION.

A grinning face pushed through the open flap of the tent, and an aggressively cheerful voice: "Heard the news, chaps? You've all to be inoculated to-morrow."

When we had satisfied ourselves as to the authenticity of the report we became extremely pessimistic.

"I heard that one of the men in the 109th pegged out when he was done," came a thin, small voice.

"They ain't goin' to 'noculate me," said an old ex-soldier, a notorious liar. "A pal o' mine was done—'e'd never 'ad a day's illness in 'is life before—and now 'e's a physical wreck. 'E gave it to 'is people, 'e did, an' soon the 'ole village caught it ——"

"And then Christopher Columbus carried it over to America," interrupted someone scornfully. But all the same, we discussed that night the danger and inconveniences of inoculation in rather uneasy tones.

On parade next morning the adjutant addressed us, explaining the purpose and the method of the operation, mentioning at the same time that the War Office had not yet made it compulsory. "However," said he, "ninety-seven per cent. of the 109th Company were inoculated, and I hope there are none here who will object. It is quite painless. One doctor rubs something on your arm, another jabs a syringe into it, squirting ten million bugs into your veins. It's really nothing—no more than a pin-prick." Then he put his foot in it. "Besides, you are allowed two or three days to recover."

"Ten million bugs," said one; "good heavens!"

"Why, man," said another, "a million can go on a pin-head. Fact!"

"Really? . . . Then how on earth do they separate 'em?"

Muffled up in our great-coats, the six squads of us—a hundred and eighty men—marched gaily to the hospital; but I fancy most of us felt as did the gladiators of old Rome: *"Ave! Imperator! Morituri te salutamus!"*

At the hospital our names were called one by one, and as we stepped forward our coats were discarded and our left arms laid bare. The operation occupied only a few seconds, but, unfortunately, I was in the last squad, and it is not pleasant to see a big, burly fellow giggle inanely and then drop in a limp heap. That's what many of them did, and I was astonished to see that those who dropped were men who appeared to be possessed of more than the ordinary mortal's share of physical strength.

At last my name was shouted out, and I stood at the end of the ever-moving queue, sniffing the sickly odour that seemed to be wafted everywhere. Almost before I knew, a neat little brown patch was painted on my forearm with iodine; I was hustled on to a waiting doctor, who, seizing a needle from the boiling water before him, fixed it to his syringe, then jabbed the whole a couple of inches into my arm, looking confoundedly bored. I felt precisely the same. Then someone else painted the prick, and I was pushed outside.

A huge fellow we call Devon (because of his origin), whose cheeks are as red as the apples for which his county is noted, stood in front of me.

"He, he, he," he said sheepishly; then laid himself down. We laughed heartily, pulling him up again, and, because we were in the state of laughing at very little, thought his joke a fairly good one. But when Devon flopped in a heap once more we carried him round the corner for a drink. It was just at this moment that I felt as though I were on a very high swing, on the point of beginning the sweeping descent. An eerie protest was registered in the region of my little Mary.

However, that passed off, and soon the Company was marching "home" again—each man (with the excep-

The Noble Trio: "Wish we'd got a few more heads between us!"

tion of the eight or nine who refused to be "done") carrying in his body ten million typhoid germs. But we were all happy, and from the vanguard of the column came the chorus:

"Here we are, here we are, here we are, here we are, here we are, here we are"—I'm nearly finished—"here we are again. Hel-lo! Hel-lo! Hel-lo! Hel-lo! Oh, here we are, here ——"

M'yes. A few hours afterwards we weren't quite so cheerful.

At present, twenty-four hours after inoculation, I've an A1 headache, and my arm feels as if a traction engine has been promenading on its surface. There's a lump on it the size of a hen's egg—and a new-laid country one, at that.

I'm lying on a straw mattress in my tent, and a sympathiser enters.

"Hullo, old man," says he, "I'm sorry to see you seedy. I've just come along to cheer you up a bit."

"Thanks. I'm all right, of course—only it *is* a bit rotten."

"Yes, rather. . . . We get another dose, which I believe is very much worse, in ten days' time."

This cheers me up considerably. I lie low and say nuffin—but think a lot.

ERIC DE BANZIE.

FOWL PLAY.

I.

The sing-song in the Company's cook-house—erstwhile a cart-shed—was going off famously. As the evening wore on, faster and louder arose those lusty high-seasoned ballads, unknown of the drawing-room, in which Thomas Atkins has taken sinful delight since the days of the Iron Duke. The crowd ranged round on forms and trestle-tables was swollen by the arrival of stragglers, in all states of mellow joy, from sundry village hostelries, and the flames of the cook-house fire leapt higher as the canteen beer, in a huge bucket on the ground in the midst of the group, sank lower and lower.

At ten o'clock an institution of wanton tyranny known as "lights out" put an end to the melodious, if somewhat improper, concert, and a gang of choice spirits, headed by Lance-Corporal "Nobby" Smith, lurched out into the night, *capable de tout*. Now there existed at the time considerable animosity against the farmer on whose premises the Company was billeted. This unpatriotic scamp, in addition to squeezing an exorbitant rental of £20 a month out of H Company, was putting the screw on them in more ways than one, and H Company earnestly desired to have a bit of its own back.

Full of this laudable ambition, Nobby and his comrades approached a chicken-coop and gathered round in a manner admitting of no doubt as to their purpose. Just then a shrill, feminine voice broke on the night air, and there loomed out of the darkness—who but the farmer's lady, brandishing both arms, and threatening H Company with the swift retribution of British law! This was awkward enough in all conscience, but when there came up behind the beldam two stalwart uniformed figures, at once recognised by all present as the Captain and First-Lieutenant, Nobby and Co. began to realise that they were taken, in their own picturesque argot, "by the short hairs."

The officers demanded explanations, and Nobby, as ready a romancer as ever donned his Majesty's khaki, spake of a boyish frolic, an intention, in fact, to burn the scarecrow hanging from a neighbouring tree, but seeing that at the very moment of the Captain's arrival Nobby was holding up the flap-door of the coop and Private Potts had both hands inside, Nobby's naive little effort gained small credence. At length the officers retired, warning the delinquents that the whole matter would come up at a special parade at 7.30 in the morning.

By 11 p.m., H Company to a man knew that one of its brightest ornaments was likely not only to suffer degradation in rank, but to be awarded a copious dose of "C.B." into the bargain. A plan of campaign was quickly formed, and the Company retired to its conscience-stricken slumbers.

II.

The special parade of H Company was in progress. Thus the Captain:

"A very unpleasant incident occurred last night after 'lights out,' and I am determined to get at the bottom of the affair. You all know what I am referring to. Those concerned in it, from the ranks two paces—FORWARD!"

Lance-Corporal Nobby Smith and five others stepped out to their doom.

"So!" resumed the Ceptain; "to-day being Sunday, there will be no Orderly Room, and you six are to present yourselves in the Orderly Room to-morrow morning at eight sharp. I need hardly warn the rest of the Company that anything in the nature of interference with the farm property will be very severely punished. Company, dis-MISS!"

III.

The "Captain's Defaulters" trooped into the Orderly Room, all but the Lance-Corporal wincing beneath two eyes that pierced them like bayonets. The five rankers, having heard from the Captain such words, confined however to generalities, as made them silently pledge themselves to a lifelong snowy innocence, retired, and left Nobby to have it out with the Captain in camera.

"Now, Smith," began the latter, "you understand I rely on your honour as a King's soldier to keep silence about what I say here?"

Nobby 'shunned, saluted, and assented.

"Very well, then. You were lifting chickens on Saturday night, of course?"

"Well, sir, to be candid ——"

"Tut, tut, man, say to be brief! I know you were chicken-stealing, and what is more, H Company knows that I know. But that is not all. Farmer's wife tells me she lost a hen last Wednesday. You had that hen, I think, Smith?"

"Not wishing, sir, to incriminate anybody in any way ——"

"That's enough, sir! The point is, how did you get it, and what did you do with it?"

Nobby saw that open confession was likely to be good not only for his soul but also for his military prospects.

"Hit her across the neck with a bit of angle-iron, sir. Bird gave some trouble, and made a powerful deal of noise. Plucked and cleaned her in my billet, sir, and buried the feathers and gut."

"Yes, yes, but what became of the bird?"

"Handed her to cook-house, sir. You will remember a chicken was served in Officers' Mess last Thursday, and not charged for in the Mess Account. That was the bird, sir!"

* * *

Lance-Corporal Nobby Smith may steal chickens, but it is not recorded that he ever broke a pledge. And that is why an amazed H Company is still wondering exactly how he came out of the affair without losing his stripe for the fourth time.

G. H. COLLINS.

"Allies soon to take the offensive" (Sunday paper). "Germans," may we add.

* * *

The South Eastern Railway are running a daily service to Paris. It is rumoured that William is seeking information as to how they do it.

ROUGE AND RUFFLES.

Chrysanthemums and Comment.

I rather like the idea of the little Japanese ladies of Tsingtau presenting chrysanthemums to the captive German soldiers. It would be difficult, of course, to imagine the Berlin Gretchens welcoming us with a branch of lime-blossom and refreshment, either amorous or liquid, while the very idea of the French girls greeting their German foes with a sisterly embrace and a bunch of roses seems ridiculous. Still, there is something particularly feminine about the chrysanthemum welcome that appeals to me. A fallen foe seems always very near a woman's heart. If she doesn't murder him, like Jael, in his sleep, the chances are she will end by falling in love with him. It is an awfully mistaken idea to believe that a woman worships strength in a man. She may, in the abstract—until she meets a Sandow, at least—but when you come down to hard, concrete fact you will find that it is upon the weakling, the man who has been "downed" by Fate or another man, she wastes her love. A woman never gives so much as when she gives her least.

* * *

To Have and to Hold.

I was waiting for it. I knew the clergy would come down heavy and strong, sooner or later, upon the proposed allowances for unmarried wives. It wouldn't suit the episcopal book if the new order reverted to the old Garden of Eden days. There would be no marriage fees for one thing, and no license for snakes. But I would like to shake hands with the archdeacon who found courage to say that "no registrar or priest could make a marriage." Of course, we all know that, but it's quite time somebody said it. I am not one of those people who believe in steeplechasing a Bohemian horse across the matrimonial fences, but I do say this, that until the marriage law is altered by the State everybody will persist in altering it to suit themselves. It's all very well to say marriage is to have and to hold, but it works out quite differently when it comes to being had and held. I don't believe that any one man was ever born big enough to fill a woman's whole life; I am sure that no woman was ever born small enough to fit into the space allotted to her by man. It takes all sorts of people to make a world; why shouldn't it take all sorts of people to make a life?

* * *

Masculine Curiosities.

"If things go on like this," a pretty girl said mournfully to me the other day, "the only man left soon will be on view in some museum as a specimen of an extinct type." She evidently couldn't have been to football matches recently. I haven't myself, but I read the reports in the papers as to last week's matches and noted that thousands upon thousands of stalwart British youths assisted. Perhaps, however, my acquaintance didn't consider these to be men. I suppose, as a matter of fact, they *are* curiosities, although hardly worth the space-room they would take in a museum. Museums are such jolly places for love-making that it seems a pity to cumber them unnecessarily with livestock. I don't mind candidly admitting that I would sooner wear the willow of spinsterhood all my life than have anything to do with the man who, although worlds fall around him on week-days, goes to a football match on Saturday and reads the war news after his roast beef on Sunday. Not that I am in favour of conscription. You can't make a good fighter any more than you can make a good lover out of an unwilling man. And all the brass bands in the world won't drum a man into taking the King's shilling if he doesn't want to, any more than all the women in the world will drum him into putting a gold band upon one of their fingers if he doesn't want to. Militancy, whether in love or in war, should be spontaneous combustion.

* * *

The Persian Pantalette.

They tell me we must all wear "pantalettes." You know what a pantalette is, I suppose? Something like those glorified frilly things we used to wear before bloomers came in—only these reach the ankles. Our grandmothers used to be photographed in them. The pantalettes, of course, are an accessory to the crinoline skirt. I suppose the fashion people are afraid we shall find such a lot of loose stuff a bit draughty after the half-yard or so we used to hobble about in. I don't object to the crinoline skirt so much. After all, it has its uses—the most forward of lovers could hardly make much progress with a crinoline set at full tide against him. But even the blue bows that I am told should adorn these pantalettes will never reconcile me to wearing them. After all, I'm not my grandmother. "But this fashion is Persian, not Victorian," I was informed. Very well then. When all the rest of wear can be Persian as well, I'll wear pantalettes. Not before.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

STREET CRIES OF NEW LONDON.

No. 1.—"Any old iron!"

Patriotic melodies were played recently at a muster of Covent Garden porters. Something from "Carmen" would also have been appropriate.

* * *

A motorist has been run in for using a motor horn which emitted a noise like a squealing pig. No doubt he was only trying to live up to his reputation of being a road-hog.

BY THE WAY.

A 16th Lancer wounded at —— and in hospital at —— (deleted by Censor), "somewhere in France," tells me that in three weeks, during which he didn't take his clothes off, he witnessed more "horrors" than he saw throughout the Boer War. "In the troop-train that brought me down," he went on, "there were eight Uhlan prisoners. One of them sold our sergeant a watch—no doubt he had pinched it. Whenever any article is stolen or missing, our chaps say, 'Oh, it's gone West.' Their *sangfroid* is wonderful, and a chum of mine who had to describe his wound, wrote: 'Hit in the eye by a coal-box.'"

* * *

He also told me the more touching story of a soldier whose left eye had been destroyed by a fragment of shrapnel. "He said, 'Well, it might have been worse, for it might have been an arm or a leg. As it happens, I've only lost the eye that I always close when I'm taking aim.'"

* * *

For the following I can, unfortunately, vouch. A Stockport lady wrote to the authorities, stating that she would be pleased to receive into her house a Belgian refugee child. To the lady's horror, when the poor child—a little girl—arrived, she was *minus* both her hands, cut off by German Uhlans! I have good reason to believe that this maimed and hapless waif has since been received into one of our many splendid institutions.

* * *

Apropos of the reproaches being hurled at the Censor's devoted head, how many people are aware that Napoleon III.'s surrender at Sedan was directly led up to by news "indiscreetly published in the Paris papers," wired thence to London, and forwarded to Berlin from the German Embassy here? In a last effort to save the French Empire, Marshal MacMahon was told to beat his way through to Metz, and his attempted flank march had been two days in progress ere the Paris papers "gave him away." There was no Censor then!

* * *

So the Jam of Jamnagar is off to the front, and I'm sure we all wish him luck. "Ranji" has been putting on weight since he quitted the cricket-field for the throne of his ancestors, and when last he played at Lord's it was noticeable that, though nearly all the old-time brilliancy was there, he was not very "agile" in running between the wickets. He is a good though not a picturesque horseman, and a magnificent shot with either the rifle, sporting-gun, or revolver. He served in the "Patiala Lancers" with the late Maharajah of Patiala, and though he has never seen "real war" before, there is no reason to doubt his personal keenness, fitness, or loyalty. Ranjitsinhji completed his forty-second year on September 10th.

* * *

Lord Kitchener, with his usual foresight and hard-headedness, has effected a most useful purchase of three hundred thousand fur-lined coats which he intends for the use of the troops at the front. Already our gallant soldiers are suffering from a foretaste of the rigours of winter, for the recent battles at Ypres and on the Yser have been fought, as we all know, under climatic conditions of sharpest cold, fog, and snow. Happily there is no reason to fear that the horrors of the Crimea, when scores of our brave soldiers were literally frozen to death, will be repeated in France at the present day. Large consignments of warm winter clothing have already been sent for the use of General French's army, and it is not improbable, if Lord Kitchener has his way, that every Britisher there will, as he ought, this winter have a fur-lined coat for sleeping in.

* * *

I venture to make known this little item in the hope that the approval with which it is likely to meet from the public will serve to put a check upon any parsimonious under-secretaries and clerks, or such-like people at the Treasury, from questioning this item behind the War Chief's back. Such things have been known to happen before now. Whatever it costs, every British private should have a fur-lined coat, just like the officers who have their khaki coats lined with fur purchased at their own expense. Surely this would be a better Christmas present than some of the silly things that are being proposed!

* * *

The other day I was invited, as a great favour, to the studio of a certain celebrated American artist, who lives at Bushey, for the privilege of being shown a picture which is shortly to find its way to Burlington House. Of course, it turned out to be a battle-scene—I wonder how many similar efforts will grace the walls of the Royal Academy next Spring—and was so realistically ghastly in its stark, unmitigated attention to detail that merely to look at it overpowered me with a sense of physical nausea. It was all there, the guns, the smoke, the plunging, terrified horses, the bloody mangled forms of murdered men, and yet, even while I shuddered and shrank back, I knew it for a masterpiece of genius.

* * *

And suddenly, while I looked, my attention was drawn with a quick shock of horror and surprise to where, right in the foreground of the picture, the lower part of the body crushed beneath the iron wheels of a cannon, a dead boy lay sprawling, his fair Saxon face upturned with a grotesquely tortured expression in the red glare of the setting sun. It was the face of a boy I once knew, a boy to whom I had waved farewell on Charing Cross

A touching episode in the City.

Station less than two and a half months ago. If the likeness is indeed accidental—as the artist assures me that it is—I can only explain it to myself as the result of a coincidence nothing short of diabolical. With the dead boy's face still haunting me, I came away from the studio, hoping and praying that that picture will never be hung. Somewhere in this great London of ours a mother is weeping for the son who will never return. I dread to think of her suddenly confronted by that picture in the crowded rooms of the Royal Academy.

* * *

War has its comedies as well as its tragedies. A few mornings back an instructor was drilling a detachment of the Public Schools and University Corps on Epsom Downs, when he noticed a persistent inclination on the part of his men to cast their eyes in a certain direction. For a while he contented himself with belching forth a full and unadulterated flow of best military "style." Then, chancing to turn round, he discovered the cause of the "glad-eye epidemic" in the form of two very pretty girls, who stood watching the drilling with evident interest. In the twinkling of an eye he formed his men into two long rows, called out half a dozen commands, and had them lined up bang in front of the two astonished girls. "Now have a . . . . (censored) . . . . good look at them and then turn round and get on with your work!" he bellowed, and the maidens fled in blushing confusion.

* * *

Apropos of the death of Mr. Arthur Binstead—otherwise known as "Pitcher," of the *Pink 'Un*—I am reminded of an amusing episode which once happened to him but which, for obvious reasons, has never before found its way into print. During his early journalistic career on the *Sporting Times* he became acquainted with a certain charming young lady, who also aspired to the laurels of authorship. The acquaintance ripened, and eventually the lady agreed to send him a sample of her "copy" for the purpose of insertion in the *Pink 'Un*, should the same prove suitable. The "copy" turned out to be a love-letter addressed, apparently, to some imaginary person of the name of "Gollywogs," and was so screamingly funny, not to say suggestive, that it was included then and there in the current issue. By the following morning it was in print and tickling the humoristic palate of half the sporting youth of London. Imagine Pitcher's dismay on discovering that the letter had been *bona fide* and had been sent to him in mistake for a ten-verse poem which, by the same error, had been despatched to "Gollywogs"! This story would appeal to you as very much funnier if you could guess who "Gollywogs" really was—but you never will.

* * *

Lord Roberts was probably better appreciated than any soldier this country has produced—and was rewarded for his services on a proportionately generous scale. They are asking at the clubs what Sir John French will receive when he returns victorious from Berlin. He is certain of a peerage, and a very large sum of money will probably also come his way. Kitchener has already received £80,000 in gifts from Parliament, and probably he, too, will not be forgotten when we have affixed our seal to the peace treaty. Aboukir Bay brought Nelson a peerage and £3,000 a year for life, in addition to a cheque for £10,000 from the East India Company.

THE LOITERER.

"The Germans are said to be damming the flooded area in Flanders"—(daily newspaper).

(The Press Bureau has no confirmation of this, but in the circumstances the report seems to have a distinct basis of probability.)

Mr. Lloyd George's favourite quotation: "A loan, I did it."

* * *

"The Kaiser in the Trenches," runs a headline. He'll be in many a worse hole before the war's over.

* * *

"The dog who wasn't what he thought himself," is the title of a new book. This should make excellent Christmas reading for William.

* * *

It is said that King Alfonso, unlike most Spaniards, always sleeps with his window open. He certainly seems fond of a little fresh heir.

* * *

We have heard a lot about the deplorable condition of German prisoners' equipment. Now we read that they advanced under a cloak of fog.

* * *

The Kaiser is believed to have hopes of one day being enrolled in the lists of the saints. Well we, for one, would have no objection to seeing him "canonised."

* * *

"Young Germans now in training are being taught to swim." The flooding tactics in Flanders have no doubt taught them a lesson.

* * *

"Various attempts at an offensive by ythe enemy in the region to the east and been checked."—*Evening News.*

Badly translated, these official communiqués.

Your Future Depends on YOURSELF

IF the noble efforts and splendid courage of our Army and Navy are to be of the greatest use to our Country, it is essential that those of us who are unable to take our places in the fighting line should keep the wheels of industry and commerce revolving.

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IN TIME OF WAR PREPARE FOR PEACE

IN STAGELAND.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier may not always command our sympathy, but he certainly deserves it for his manly letter to the Press *re* the callousness of landlords generally during the great war. Mr. Bourchier rightly asks why in theatre-land it should invariably be the middleman (*i.e.*, the actor-manager, who is almost always a tenant at an enormous rental) who is expected to pay up and look pleasant?

Arthur B. has, at all events, the courage of his convictions. And I happen to know that his views on this burning question are shared by the greatest of our provincial theatre-managers, Mr. John Hart. As both of these gentlemen so aptly put it, the managers go on cheerfully giving War Fund performances, keeping open their houses in face of long odds, and paying their people. What are the lordly landlords doing, save pocketing the rent and smiling cynically?

At the Prince's, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," having run its course, Miss Glossop-Harris and Mr. Frank Cellier are doing some Shakespearian matinées. They started with a highly creditable performance of "The Merchant of Venice," Mr. Cellier giving an interesting reading of the character of Shylock, and his partner making a winsome Portia. These matinées deserve to be well supported.

I am sorry that neither "The New Shylock" nor "Never say Die" lasted long. In normal times, both should have run well into the New Year. Charles Hawtrey is putting up another revival in his greatest success, "A Message from Mars." For this, his leading lady is sweet little Margery Maude (I confess I thought she was over in America with her "Dad"), George Tully is the Tramp, and Holman Clark the Messenger from Mars.

Margery Maude, by the way, is appearing before Princess Mary at Drury Lane on December 4th, at the matinée in aid of the Princess's Christmas Fund for Soldiers and Sailors. The piece she is playing in is "A Quiet Rubber," wherein Sir John Hare makes his first appearance since his virtual retirement. None other than Mr. Gerald du Maurier plays the lover.

Why does Matheson Lang cultivate a stammer as Hotspur at His Majesty's? None of my fellow-critics seems to know, so list unto the explanation. Brennan's "History of the Percies" informs us that "a certain hesitation of speech from which he suffered was eagerly imitated." Dr. Brandes tells us that "Hotspur is a marvellous figure as Shakespeare projected him—stammering, absent, turbulent, witty." Finally, Shakespeare himself says: "And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish, became the accents of the valiant."

Howard Russell is dead. He would have been eighty next January. Appearing first at the old "Vic." in '67, his climb up the ladder was rapid. His declamation was wonderful, and Henry Irving, one of the first to notice this, engaged him for the Lyceum. Then he joined Genevieve Ward's company, and appeared too with Mary Anderson in "Ingomar." Later came big work for "the Lane" and in Adelphi dramas with Bill Terriss. He acted with Phelps, and his rôles included Rip Van Winkle, and Uncle Tom in the immortal slave-play.

The "Our Boys" revival at the Vaudeville is like a breath from the 'seventies wafted over the footlights. It gives us the veteran, Arthur Williams, as Perkin Middlewick, John Beauchamp, Helen Rous, and others of a notable cast. It is interesting that the original fifteen hundred nights' run of Henry Byron's famous comedy should have been at this self-same theatre.

THE UNDERSTUDY.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Dora: "Mr. de Swille is often at our house, but I never see him at yours."
Phyllis: "We don't owe him anything."

* * *

Father (to prospective son-in-law): "But are you really sure you can support my daughter?"
Suitor: "Certainly, sir; I'm a professional strong man."

* * *

Doctor: "My dear Madam, there is nothing the matter with you. You simply need a rest."
Mrs. Gasbag: "But, Doctor, just look at my tongue."
Doctor: "Needs rest, too, Madam."

* * *

Poet: "Is there an opening for a poet in this office?"
Editor: "Why, certainly. There is the door you came in at."

* * *

"Since the war began, Kitchener's face has become a mass of wrinkles," says one of those truthful Teuton scribes. He will show them a few more wrinkles before he has finished. —*London Opinion.*

* * *

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—*Puck.*

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Local Orator: "But, ladies and gentlemen, apart from this fascinating subject, I don't believe in sparing the rod and spoiling the child. Why, if it 'adn't been for my strict bringing up, I might 'ave grown up as big a bounder as any of you."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

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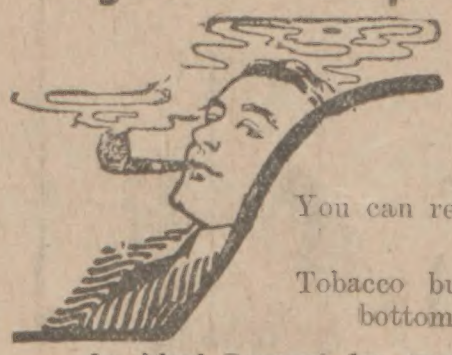

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